

Don't Found You

Don't Found You

Mathews I	Don't	Remember	The Wet	Stinging	Purce	Of Your	Cunt
draught of	do it by	white horses	grandmother	tit's	stink's	category	worm
your girder	jumping	turning	full of	zap	selbox	in black	bit
last night,	off her	through the	caustic	babies	tell the	silk	the
A soda jerk	lips -	night biting	sod a	crawling	hour of	I slice	head
was pulling	you'll land	finger off	our turned	in the	probable	rocks	off
it over	on a tit	of little	in the	clover	death	apart	a
the sunset	and then	children's	bath tub	testing	minus	by the	seem
and the	you'll rally	hands in -	where active	taut's;	chewing	sea by	turned
poker ice	be in a	stead of	colonies of	unjustified	gun	the sea	silver
caps melted	land of	taking	tectitis	daives	purchases,	by the	mills
in oyr	Fla Math	the sugar	at cigar	perform	pusnywath	Hermuds	rusty
mouths	and beams	cubic from	store in -	circumstances	capules	cairn	bleaded
to reveal	where else	the fat	dians and	in the	of tin	the	sea
short	shop for	white	where small	rain,	underparts	to be	shore
pink	dog and	palm of	girls blew	and I?	slipped	trembled	sand
pricks	rats and	her fairy	green	I sit	into land-	ship	quite
Mewing	bitter ways	daddy	swans	and watch	scapes of	sermon	what
like	to get	daddy	from thin	the corn	upside	of	it
chocolate	the body	a horse	vulvers	whisper	in the	hasty	was
capades	ready for	a horse	smoking	in the	down	pudding	bec
gustafing	summer	wake up	pink ball	viscous	retardation	in	dark
glabular	in the	my boy	gun cigars	language	where!	sach	and
disorders	river,	while you	oh do you	of rid	where!	cloth	so
in your	Fall in	we having	yet recall	lizard	where!	wet	shall
fat lugue	the racks,	a bad	our candy	misled	my got	wary	to
display	spring in	dream	cigarette	returning	are falling	wear	in
at the	buffalo	some	fantasy	to blast	out over	grad-	the
wet world's	rubber shaking	had person	of hanging	the milk-	the	mo the	again
fair of	green plants	strangled	bananas	fed sole	gross	thus	where
and grass	at stiff	your	on the	of knees	natural	isn't	with
fusion	squirrels	Mommy	wet ground	full of	product	working	the
in	girls	stuffed	mother's	black	the black	I just	pretty
conning-	breeding	her full	surface	pits and	decept	switched	girls
warc	bleeding	of gory	blimp in	lost	struggling	eye balls	are
'pans	brine ants	jelly babies	the gram?	radiator caps	elav retards	with my	and

LOST AND FOUND TIMES

No. 16, July 1984

\$3

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Cover by Mike Murphy

Thanks to David Greenberger for sending the Brookings poem.



David Cole

THE SPITTLE

THE SPITTLE



The Little Dogs Laughed to See Such Lunacy

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Snowwhite Young

2nd @d.r.706

SHE WAS SAWING

she was sawing through the crusty cranium
out the back behind his head
mumbling to herself some barely audible crud
about tadpoles in the paste bucket like semen
not getting any younger The only fucker what does it right
his skin growing redder than his flaming hair
til his every surface was alight
but still inside a refridgerated stone
pulling on his cigarette i thought i saw
his skull begin to collapse on its self but no
when a man blows his stack its up and away-not like us bitches
vanishing into our own black holes
he contrived to speak without a perceptible movement
of any of his interlocked facial jigsaw pieces
"Tracey where the hells my fuckin dinner you fat slag?"
She made no reply but went on sawing
through the soft grey sponge
"You look like a fucking tadpole in them tight slacks."
She twanged like a taut elastic band springs back
her saw embedded in the tables surface
her eyes embedded in his flaming red head.

A MAP

i ask you the way to where
seeing that your face is a map
of somewhere your eyes fresh painted railway stations
where heavy trains pull in and out
and people cling before uncoupling
your noseholes the entrances to subways
i've never been in but have felt
the rush of trains under my feet
your mouth a park where a man is feeding birds
on a december afternoon
his arms outstretched
like a famous actor at curtaincall

Snowwhite Young



Joel Lipman

TO RAY

CAN

A hollow
cavity drain or introduce fluid or air

into a vein.
a stab wound
(rod with a sharp triangular point)
small incision.

Artificial moth car can
the primary air. a hollow
need
ven us can
Lichwitz's ant car



Snowwhite Young

LIVING LIQUID

To freeze water cool to 32 degrees F.
To have rain water reach up and prick a cloud.
To water water add the salt variety to the fresh.
To smell water hike to Ludlow and circumvent a mineral
spring at twenty paces.
To be water connect your spine to a cathode, dental
inlays to the anode.
To sleep in water is a dream.
To cook with water draw it fresh cold into clean utensils.
To water animals lead them to overflowing troughs.
To rinse with water is to flush away the undesirable.
To taste water chew it slowly fresh cold from a hollow knot.
To drink water swallow a gushing faucet on New York City
lines.
To feel water carriage to Minnawaska and crouching at
Undercliff pick up handfuls caressing every
drop.
To sit in water select tide-swept sand.
To understand exasperated water read the little book
"Water-Fight".
To shed water be a duck.

Bern Porter

SUICIDE

Cease standing by hanging upon a vertical.
Cease breathing by freezing the lungs.
Cease seeing by unscrewing the eyeballs.
Cease hearing by piercing the tympanic membranes.
Cease tasting by singeing the tongue.
Cease smelling by etching the olfactory receptors.
Cease feeling by tarring the epidermis.
Cease being by evaporating.
Cease ceasing.

Bern Porter



CAPACITANCE

foil keeps the wind out, the wind out of my eyes,
out of this maze escaping w/ what extra-terrestrial baggage:
nothing but this planet, nothing i cant touch
right now, not deceived by the voices from everywhere,
those quad-tired ghosts that dissolve if they stop---
they dont stop

the light from my eyes, from the back
of my head--

the sky darkens

when i tire
of trying to break the magnetism of my house, swimming
against the wind drawing me back to the stove, the refrigerator,
the washer issuing orders & uniforms;
i nap impatiently in the drier; i rub my sex into the outlet
& scramble my prayers over the walls thick w/ years
of monastic devotion---

whoever knocking at barrier
is too far from electricity to reach me

armies of them
digging softly into my wind

& pulsed away, every time,
by their faceless homing, their illegible vinyl pates:
they fade coz they are nothing

but within me
the need to strengthen my houses winds
by escape--

the further i go, the harder i snap back,
the longer i stay awake, dull, uncharged, lightless
unable to spark or mine the air with barbs of imbalance
stunning with unexpected accuracy what thought
stillness might heal

Dan Raphael

cut

blood
of
a feathered
image
in
yr eye

Randall Brock

Land

This is the water and this is your face before me,
your words that will never die burning inside me,
your words made of flesh but still you fly
in the early night sky past comets and stars,
surrounded by flames, reflected in the water,
surrounded by waves seven feet high and now
I am crying into your hand and this is
land. Black bird in a yellow cage, your red beak
like a gasping fish, you threw out your line
and hooked your own head but you were looking
for yourself anyway, yourself mixed with pain,
you said never wasn't such a long time, and I was
looking for someone who was blind to sink into the earth
with me, we would later resurrect as a moth or a fly
banging against a lightbulb; someone with small and careful
eyes that I could turn into water, a man with a tail
running through the burning fields, a sparrow and a woman
poking her finger through its eyes, me in the cage
looking after them.

So this is land. The yellow door and the red window
beckon. Your shadow, narrow and long and blue, gets kissed
by many starving women. I run past bonfires blazing in the snow
to get to you, your head wrapped in a sheet, your spirit
rising out of you like a mermaid, but you're still alive,
still in the act of appearing healthy, not the man
who starved himself in a cage at the circus who was later
replaced by a young tiger. You run through the streets
with a dog in your arms that barks out that it never wants to die.
Your lover never runs. She sits trapped by her very own circle,
the magic is the fire that never returns but never quite gets into
her either.

And we've always known the water. Land is a mirage, a theory
called the horizon, a straight line while we want to rise
vertically. You kiss my mouth until it burns whether I'm
wearing ten coats or a feather, you kiss my mouth until it's sore
and later friends who want conversation find my door closed.
Water is the desert, both go on and on, soothingly, endlessly,
completely at arms with themselves -- but land, we grab it
in both hands and throw clods of earth at the running monkeys;
we shovel out roots and climb into the trees, we steam ourselves
but our feet keep walking, walking, always certain that we're walking
on something. I sit on the ground, a transparent cup in my lap,
holding it out to anyone who happens to pass me by,
but instead you are a tiny matchstick flame high up on some
mountain that I see in the distance through rain, love, and tears,
beckoning like a smiling giant, beckoning through year after year--
after year, longing for trouble, romance, destruction, your hand
held up over the land that reminds us we're real.

Christine Zawadiwsky



A COLUMN OF HIGH FINANCE AND DECORUM BY DR AL ACKERMAN

"Dear Dr Al: I've heard that back in the mid-60s your friends called you "The Crab." I wish you'd fill us in on how this nickname came about, if it isn't too embarrassing," writes a reader from Bethlehem, Pa.

This is undoubtedly a widespread longing. But in order to fill you in on how I came to be called "The Crab," I have to first fill you in on how one summer I was taking a two week vacation from my regular hospital job and I got the idea that it might make an interesting experiment to go around town putting in bogus job applications, a routine that consisted of me scanning the help wanted columns until I found a dismal-sounding job about which I knew absolutely nothing, and then going right in and applying for it under an assumed name, which seemed preferable to using my own because it gave me a chance to see if anybody remembered "Harry Emerson Fosdick" or "Friederich Engels," though as it turned out they didn't even remember "Charles Starkweather," and nobody ever knew me for an imposter. I also made it a big point at each office I visited (this was one of the prime factors in my experiment) to personally exhibit different types of weird, shabby and inappropriate behavior.

I started out by answering an ad for "Price Change Clerk For Wholesale Plumbing Supply—must know 10 key calculator." This seemed made to order for my first venture into the realm of bogus job hunting because I was completely in the dark as to what a price change clerk might be, and I knew no more about the 10 key calculator than does Emily Fusselman's rabbit. A rather humorless woman who looked a little like Mrs Tucker does on the lard cans and was the wife of the plumbing store owner interviewed me. Grudgingly she handed me a pencil and a few flimsy yellow forms to fill out and pointed me to a chair in the corner, and then proceeded to give me the double-o with a dismay that was clear and unalloyed. Mostly because the blue seer sucker suit I was wearing on that sweltering day hadn't been cleaned or pressed since Christmas and I had gone three days without a shave or bath especially for the occasion. I'd also been careful to drink half a pint of fine Four Roses Whiskey before entering the establishment, and I reeked. I could feel her eyeing my filthy collar and stubbly jowls and wrinkling her nose at the essence of Four Roses that came rolling off me at every breath, as from a pungent old cork. I spent a long, long time like that, hunched over the simple yellow forms, fumbling with my pencil, wheezing and sweating and mopping my face, giving every indication that if I managed to keep from passing out cold on the floor, it would be a real victory. Pretty soon the plumbing lady came over and asked me if I was alright. "You don't look so good, Mr Voltaire," she said. "I can't think of how you spell Travis County," I said. "Oh," she said. "Well, maybe you should come back another time when you're feeling better—" I breathed on her some more and said, "It's just that these ulcers I get on my leg make it hard to concentrate and I think that must be what's hanging me up now because I started getting a big one last night and it's been draining on me all morning." She looked at my legs and stepped back. On this note the interview pretty well concluded, and I managed to control myself until I got out of the building.

The name I gave to this particular routine was "The Secret Drinker" and the reactions it elicited interested me to such an extent that I spent the next few days experimenting and trying out different variations on it. For example, at the offices of Church's Chicken, where I applied for the position of "Manager Trainee" under the name of "Fulton J. Sheen", an honest but inveterate beer drinker, I had to get up twice to ask the secretary for more paper because it was taking a lot of space to list all of "Fulton J's" arrests and hospitalizations. But I hung in there, and the secretary's expression when she finally got a load of this strange and terrible human document was my reward. A day or so later at

a northside blueprint firm with an immediate opening for "Civil Draftsman—min. 5 years experience," I showed up with an enormous purple wine stain down my front that was still wet and, having knocked into a couple of chairs on my way up to the receptionist's desk, was quickly told that the civil drafting position had just been filled. You could have knocked me down with a hammer. "Well," I said, throwing my eyes wildly around the office, "then do you need a civil draftsman?" (I didn't get that job, either.) Another company downtown wanted "Salesman For Manufactured House Goods," and by using the name "Felix Frankfurter," along with a fixed smile and fairly clean clothes, I actually made it past the receptionist and had a short interview with the company sales manager, a Mr Dix. He was a rather spiritless-looking but not unsympathetic character and things didn't go too badly at first. But there was no way to hide the deep thirst that raged inside me (or inside "Felix") and before long I fell off the subject of manufactured house goods and into a fervid rambling disquisition on my fondness for all sorts of hot mulled rum drinks. Mr Dix, unable to ignore these conspicuous warning signs, sat through about five minutes of this and then eased me out of his office. "Honey," I told him at the door, "remember to sweeten the rum drink with six tablespoons of honey!" He promised he would.

Hard by. In most of the personnel offices in this country there seems to be at least a tenuous rule in effect prohibiting the staff from attempting to hurt the prospective applicants by physical means. But there is no law against low psychology and many humiliating tricks are employed successfully to make the job hunter feel like a little gob of spit. So it was a heady sensation indeed for me to feel that I was, at least for the moment, turning the tables on this age-old vassalage, and I was coming out of these encounters higher than a kite, already leaping ahead in my mind to the next office and concocting new routines right and left.

"The Shouter," "The Aggrieved Epileptic," "Active T.B.," "The Lonely Nose-picker of Avalon," "Freaky Deaky." I had hopes I might try out each and every one of these promising routines before my two week vacation was up, but this was not to be, and as it worked out, I only got to spring "The Shouter" on them. This was at a downtown savings and loan where the Assistant Manager, who resembled Ken (of Ken and Barbie fame) and wore lavender-tinted aviators and white suede loafers with little gold links on them, called me into his office after an interminable wait and interviewed me for the position of "Retail Banking Specialist." I was wearing my best suit and had spruced myself up considerably for this one. Under the name of "Benedict 'Dutch' Spinoza," I answered his questions in a nebulous way, making sure that with every sentence I uttered my voice crept up the scale and became louder. Toward the end I was frankly shouting. This alarming and crackbrained increase in volume was accomplished in such gradual stages that I don't think he was ever precisely aware of what was going on or even where we'd left the tracks. I might have kept it up indefinitely until my voice failed or I burst a blood vessel, but the mystified, fidgety, discomfited look on his face was too much for me and I lost it. Laughing hysterically like a hyena I had to jump up and run out of there fast.

That was when it happened. Outside on the street, my own gales of hilarity distracted me so that I stepped right in the path of an oncoming truck and got clipped. I wound up with a mild concussion and two broken arms. (Editors' Note: The awful implacable gods of mercantile are not lightly mocked.)

And so with a cast on each arm bent at the elbows and crooked out in front of me awkwardly that way for the next couple of months, it was inevitable that my friends should take to calling me "The Crab".

Al Ackerman

BITTERSWEET

When the ice cream man rang his bells
I ran out into the night
to buy a whipcream covered boy
who looked the way that I once looked
who tasted the way that I once did
When I had all my yellow hair
when I was a tasty, pretty kid
in the Spring dusk, a kid licking dripping red popsicles
wapping my fist into the fielder's glove
my mother bought for me
to gather to my chest a dreamload of summer stars

When the ice cream man rang his bells
I ran out into the night
chasing after his truck
come back come back comeback something to me
come back tonight, I need a whipcream covered boy
who still has all his yellow hair
I need to ride the merrygoround in the mirror
in the house of dreams at the summer's fair
that never went away anywhere
but stayed inside of me right here, come back

The ice cream truck stopped & I caught up.
"Whatcha making so much fucking noise about, baldy?"
the ice cream man said to me, "I got your mother inside
dead on the ice with a popsicle stick shoved up her ass--
wanna lick?" A stick? A stick up my mother's ass? A stick
stuck up my dead mother's ass? Yeah, I wanted a lick....

And the ice cream man he made me look and he made me lick at her
stuck on the stick in the dusk
between the lilac bush and the curly hair of a lost fielder's glove
and broken rubbers at dead driveins
in the dusk of multiple baseball card collisions & accidental
pregnancies of death in the oncoming popsicle melting night
where I licked and I licked
until bone poked through
and a silver cricket perched in the mommy popsicle's pelvic palace
hopped out & crashed a penis enlarger across my skull
a rather inexpensive penis enlarger, the tinkling shards of
glass & rubber crap sounded dull as they fell on the pavement
"You can't always get what you want," the silver cricket sang
& the broken glass of the twilight fell through night's black house
with a bang.

Mike Murphy

I JERRYBILT SALAMANDER

when i saw the babies
crawling outside
the taproom
i knew what a mess
i'd made of my life

sunset
coloured
little babies
crying for blood
more menacing than
empty bottles
barricaded by crickets
in the corner
of the graveyard

reserved for
what comes after
the babies sunburnt
midnite
feast

on bald remains
of symphonic tissue
caught in the
middle of my thirsty
dewclawed throat

Mike Murphy

DOG BITE

I hold fresh meat
out to the clenched chisel-
edged teeth
because he's a hungry dog
and a hungry dog
is a hunched jerky-eyed
beast
fed up with pacing
his side of a meatless
street.
The flesh pink as
a winter geranium
passed from hand to
forgiving mouth
triggers the first bite
snapped off smart and clean
as the chop of a guillotine.

Francis Poole

Xmas with Murphy

in wearing most the heavier clothes
he owns in a sleeping bag wrapped in blanket
lying on cold linoleum floor where
he keeps a hammer a few inches
from his head

sometimes snoring sounds of a
young deer meat being torn from its living
bones by carnivorous teeth tiny child
whimpers soft bad dream squeals like
an infant might make as murdering mom
presses the suffocating pillow

Feet wrapped in blanket I have
been standing 5 hours turned to the wall
a foot and a half away staring into the
space heater from which the heat rises
at the level of my hot forehead flames

Moonduster ale

wrenched his eyes

in those days—no
wasn't making fun of
the screen as I did,

He held
shiny, l
in a
dark
pocket

a cut of a
 ..s eyes
 id

it to him
 teeth, viciously
 bony fingers through

lipless "stir" voice far off like
 background music a distant glance

steps coming down the hall
 my finger to my lips
 frozen
 shadows
 the shut windows

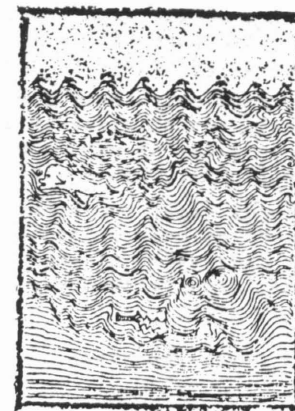
on the carpet a dark stain

S. Gustav Hägglund

CANCER WARD

the ocean in my ear has turned off its siren
 a gypsum foam gathers rushing
 to erase the dark alphabets of my knees
 what dream is so clear it is not utter confusion ?
 a bitter asking wrapped in the burning towel
 which is the shadow of the body of my soul
 beneath my fingernails administrators and tax consultants
 wither turning brown with indefinite demands
 is it legitimate to ask where is my child ?
 night folds its dense starless carpet
 over the black grasses where my eyes grow
 lovers naked and minute lie in the spit of memory
 worried for the calculations of an unknown metal
 the Surgeon knows who drowned from spite
 the Surgeon knows who fixed the door with a cigarette
 the Surgeon understands the ominous increase of white
 what room is this full of liquid tubes ?
 all space tilts from the crazy angle of that window
 emptying legendary planets into a sanitary basket
 woman's theme is butter breasts and broader hips
 man's theme is the thin red line that leads to claustrophobia
 I pass through the japanese quarter in a dream bus
 a dread fern proceeds through my left side
 needles hundreds of miles long plunge slowly through my arms
 heaven opens its bottle of cerulean ether
 I breathe and lose all earthly shape
 hearing in my other ear the recitation of the desert

Ivan Argüelles



Joachim Frank

ELDER LADY

Elder lady was considered addled in wanting to touch all flowers too late at fall. When butterflies emerged graceful from her mouth. No teeth and gums grown gray. But still, bright sway of wing.

She'd kiss kids young enough to cringe but not run away. And those who first threw stones, dropped city arms for orange-rimmed insect of brown. Delicate sweeps lifting blueing sky cold and clouds where all would like to fly.

A few before frost sought alleys to ask for press of shrivelled lips and don't tell nobody because I know a flower I best give skin fast. Cause winter'll come and I want some wings to wait.

When freeze dropped blossoms black, lady at last sat to ask. Asked cracked in voice, please my son ... press mouth to mine. Just a slight touch as I dry my last.

Paul Weinman

Q

The 17th of 26 letters in alphabet
Is contained in hundreds of words
But not in the non-existent calphabet
But always in first position never third

Normally used to complete basic fact
Generally single with exception as first letter of words
Does not compare with a written tract
And has no reference to the birds

In one fact only three letters in the word cue
It's only second place in a word as squash
But regardless it expresses as a cow's moo
Only word that rhymes with squash is botch

Many words about two hundred begin with Q
Has about as many definitions
Is not indicative of what to do
Despite these facts there will be no omissions.

Ernest Noyes Brookings

THE SPITTER

Das Fritten

16 137 LELAND Ave.

Columbus,

OH

43214

THE SPITTER



Al Ackerman

UNTY T TO DE IDU
NOT KNOWN
A GUL
CHECK
ATTEMPT
SHIT
ASS.
CN
ag
NI
IS
ROF TH
PL
SM



MARK BLOCH
pan box 1500
by 10009
I bought a new typeewriter
OFFICIAL PANPOST
11/6/60

Steve Random

THE CELL

There were clouds in the cuff of my shirt clouds
pouring from my cat's eyes I was
slapping at squishy grey walls of cloud my
teeth were cloudbashing coiffing up
meatloaf and catfood clouds I
saw clouds in the frozen soup clouds in my
lover's ears lying on the TV set I
was staring at my fingernails I was
thinking of tearing through clouds on a giant knife I'm
fumbling with my cloudy shoelace I'm
staring through my mother's cataracts I'm
up to my dick in clouds I'm
trying to suck and eat clouds I'm
looking for my pants and finding
stone clouds, hammers, glass, steel bars

SPLIT FROM THE WHEEL

I was feeling the treads of my tire I was
seeing a wheel where the door should be I was
chewing a wheel, clutching the wheels in my
pocket and scratching the wheel under my hair I was
trying to see through wheels of glass I was
wiping them, fumbling the loosened spokes and
spitting into the straightblowing wind I
want to roll on the cleanest wheel in the garage I
want to lie on the sacks of sand in the
garage I want to smell the dust on the rake in the
garage in the garage I want to rub the knives I
want to lay my shirt on the pools of oil in the
garage I want to break out the windows and count the
termites running from the frame I want to fill my
shoes with hammers and run on the roof of the garage

John M. Bennett

SHOE BOILING

I was stuffing a shoe in the bottom of my
closet I was placing a shoe on a stool I was
holding a baby's shoe next to
a shadeless lamp I jabbed a pointy shoe in the
ground toe first and stuck my nose in a
rubber shoe I looked at my dick and my
dick was shod there were shoelaces
streaming down my face and I heard a
metal shoe ringing in my ears

I saw a river of shoes shoes
piled in snags and turning tongue over heel in the
boiling water I tied my shoe and
stuffed the other with empty socks I
started to walk in a circle and saw a
cawing shoe fly away I
lay down on my shoes and was laced with sleep

ABOUT HAMMERS

I was jerking a hammer from the typewriter I was
throwing a hammer at the closet I was
hammering the TV antenna, dropping a
hammer on my footless shoe and
carrying a hammer into a room I inhabited
last week, I was stroking a hammer, feeling
affection for the tiny flakes of rust on a hammer
with a hammer I was reading a book with a
clawless hammer I was casting a vote with a
headless hammer I was washing my face I was
winding my watch and counting my dollars while a
handleless hammer sank to the bottom of a
drawer of tools I was hammering on the
phone with an insurance man while a hammer
flew from the closet and lodged in my
shoulder I was eating my hammer on rye and
thinking of my final hammer, deep in my pocket,
awaiting its box

John M. Bennett



TAKE
A LOOK
AT THE

ISLAND

of



risk and return."

A Place with first-rate
tics



AND THE *snapping of cartilage or
bone, or the yelp of a*

MAINTENANCE Man



who mattered

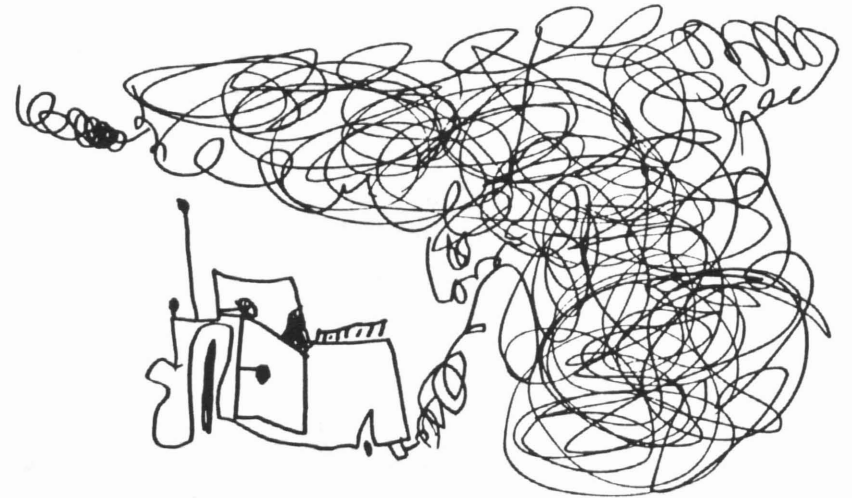


C. Mehrl Bennett

Well, she had a chair and I had an old dog
And my old dog sat on her chair
Well, he busted her chair so she sat on the old dog
And my old dog turned into a log

Well, she had long hair and I had a scissors
And my scissors cut off her hair
Well, I cut it too short so she ate my scissors
And my scissors cut out her gizzards

C. Mehrl Bennett



William E. Bennett

ONCE THERE WAS

Once there was a car.
Once there was a hole in the road.
Once there was a man.
Once there was a broken leg.
Once there was a rock.
Once there were teeth near the hole.
Once there was a rock near the wheel.

William E. Bennett & John M. Bennett



My cat dusunt have
vere Good teeth
at all thae are blude
and grae but
thae are shrpe
las nite I stuck
my tuing at hem
he snift it and
then likt it. I told
mie Mom se
sed ewwww!

William E. Bennett

GRAY

Gray a connect the dots haze in
child tear eyes
Hard on mayonnaise streaked gray
linoleum, the haughty erasure of
one sense, shadow stained by amber light
Hard in the dark evening blow dry
peroxide hard glass future of
worms curled in high noon eclipse
The dark billboard of the soul Dad says
n' thumps his chest, tires sideways
on ice & nicotine airways, vitamin
deficiency a' insomnia
The groaning 500 years straight up
in clubs & shades, the candlewax
n' brown scratches in the table,
the home that was a hoilday in 1955,
sandblasted clean artifact split for research
The data blown confetti in a
vaginal explosion high above a
peanut butter advertisement with smiling kid
It's pressed too hard maybe it's
pressed too hard the rose is powdered gray,
the light gray floating down on a
frozen parade with dead astronaut

Michael Dec

CANDLE EYES

I knew it was a laboratory
I saw flames of laser light
all around us
Shepherds sang my name

I held scalpels and other instruments
People were coming down
under the frozen stars

Through an opening I could see
the candle of my eye:

Johnny

Johnny

seemed to be some philanderer
looking out of one eye then the other
speaking:

Do you enjoy living as one?

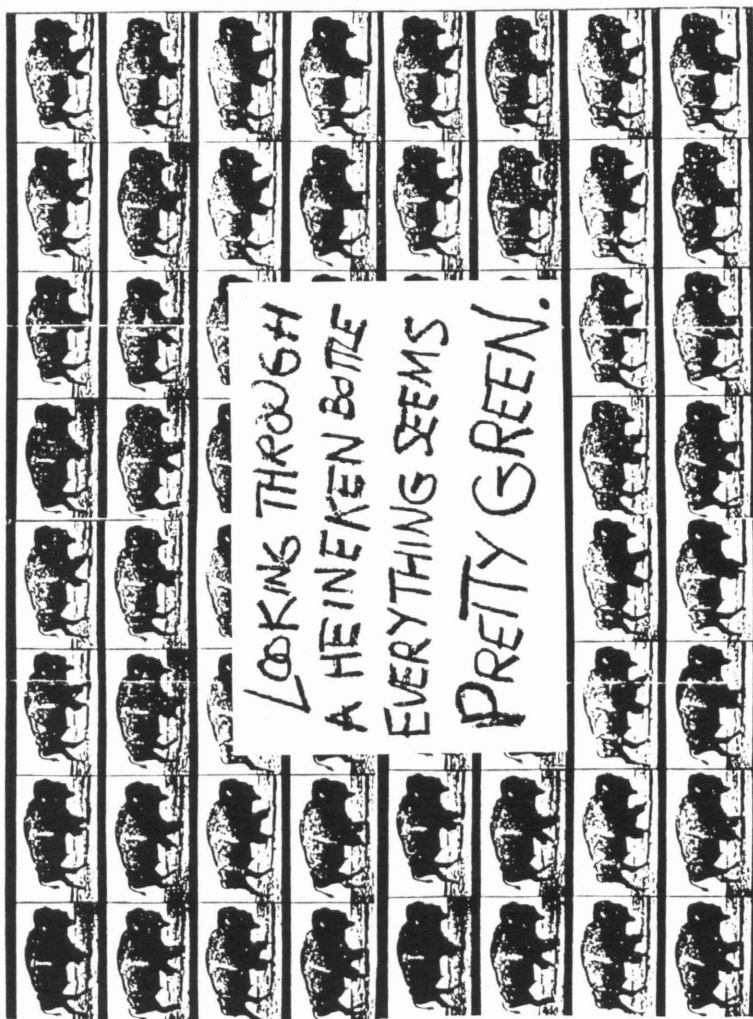
Burning as one?

Dying as one alone?

We both flexed our claws

Johnny, becoming hollow,
threw dust on the glassware

K. S. Ernst & Diana Sherrick



Brother X

THE GUY

on a snare drum world he has
feet like swift brushes
hands of a slap shot he

spins and he flies
dances and comes, a
high tech street hacker, a
warp 10 dance warrior

he's a cool jam in a hot shirt, a
hotrod cocked as a
corporation flagpole

boatrockers static
manic-elative
he's a gang on his own--
a laugh electronic

with his blasting fast face and his
hair in whipped neon, eyes that
hit hard and a
staple gun mouth, he's a
lunatic out

on an arcade agenda,
he's a date
for a burning piano

Jennifer Welch

looking up from
the square lawn
the square of
the factory

window squares
squaring space
to fly through

jwcurry/George Swede

Blockbusters, Demographics
Interruptions

(a) the future, conceived to become
whole within the egg
oviparous
full-blown, cracks the shell
its parts insertive integrally
hung onto the string of time
pins & genetics
seeds of the present There

.. forever
separates from the act
that the future
comes clean
comes whole
viviparous
in its mother right Here

total
simultaneous
without fanfare or
preclusion

a future has balls
and does not wait to be born

seducing goats whose white gums
grind eggs
comes into the picture
unaffixed
on its own
unannounced
her dress in the wind

Edward Kaplan

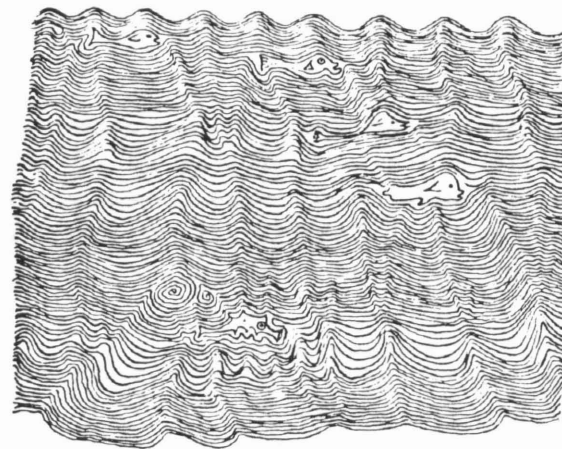
speech adapted
direction bathes in fact
dry relapses
fur

matter

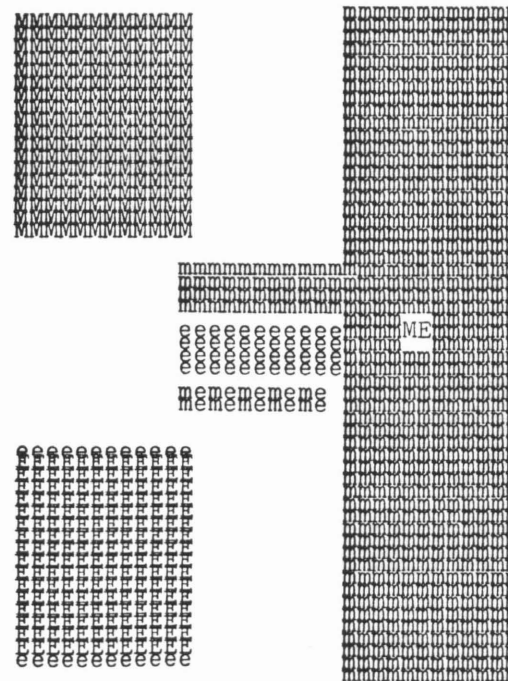
matter

a particle expands
into low flying

jwcurry/Mark Laba



Joachim Frank



Edward Kaplan

perhaps there is a large tomato in your cereal
if there is a large tomato in your cereal you can be sure
perhaps there is not a large tomato in your cereal
perhaps no one cares if there is a large tomato in your cereal
that would be disappointing indeed

indeed
indeed

it was a tiny thing
that disturbed me from my sleep

a flea indeed

a flea

indeed

ZIGWAY

i am i'm other than
i'm my mine
but i to trouble
when i my a you
the on the as does the like
to do the does
my like to do it
as on me
for under me and above me
here time is all but gone
and no time this time is here

The Minóy

*

I will leave one shoe :a note
for you to open --half
as if I were still asleep
and each night bring back
two by two all the stars
except one for you to open
unfold, unfold, unfold :laces
cloudless across our bed.

Who can lift this shoe
carried in tow across those galaxies
those eyes now staring at a note
that began as eyes --you too will limp

and under each step the darkness
turns the cold growing enormous
as in dreams where the Earth
takes root in your heart
and you try one kiss more
to wake its sleeping mouth
--I leave half

but no words, no blood-stained teeth
rickety from fear, from avalanches.
In a sleep that tramples our bed
my foot will suddenly thaw.
You will be holding a half.

Simon Perchik

STOMA 640

the head rained
on
only so much powder
to her cheeks
dirt far behind
the eye.

Guy R. Beining

FIVE GOLDEN RINGS

the room is yellow.
the room is bright.
the room is empty.

THE SEA

the sea is sudden
the sea is gone

Bob Heman

I'M COUNTING 7

I want to buy that red
dress and you think about
the brown-tan dirt
you scrape like red
fingernails across a Nazi
but the piss and vomit
are still on statues
of Jesus because I'm not
in Zürich anymore F. Scott
left me there in Kantonsspital
in Ohren, Nasen, Hals thinking
about Einstein flunked out
so I go to the zoo and
watch that Secretary
bird run with a dead limp
baby something in its mouth
strutting I think about
ears being upside down
I go to the bathroom
and think about jerking
till my ears scream
till my nose pouts
till my eyes xplode
blowing circles on the glass
just like you said the sun
is ringing 8

Hal J. Daniel III

00000000
14 SECRET
MASTERS OF THE
WORLD
A MESSAGE OF HOPE -
TO ALL YOU TALENTED BOZOS!



THE LOST BELL....

"I remember a young man who built a box with a bell inside set to ring every hour. Every hour it would ring and that was the signal then he would go jack off. So he met a lot of grief at home (he was very open about it; when he went to school and kept running around answering the bell, they put him away. At the asylum, he kept trying to get his box back together, looking for parts etc. He eventually became a standard character for several important abnormal psychology texts but jacking off is like anything else, it takes a lot of work to get recognition."

Al Ackerman

three from 1983.

1.
three wooden walls,
a wooden floor,
two chairs and a table,
in space.
2.
strapped to a stretcher
between two approaching seas.
3.
good feelings, good feelings,
the cellars stocked with racks of blankets.

rod summers
jan84.

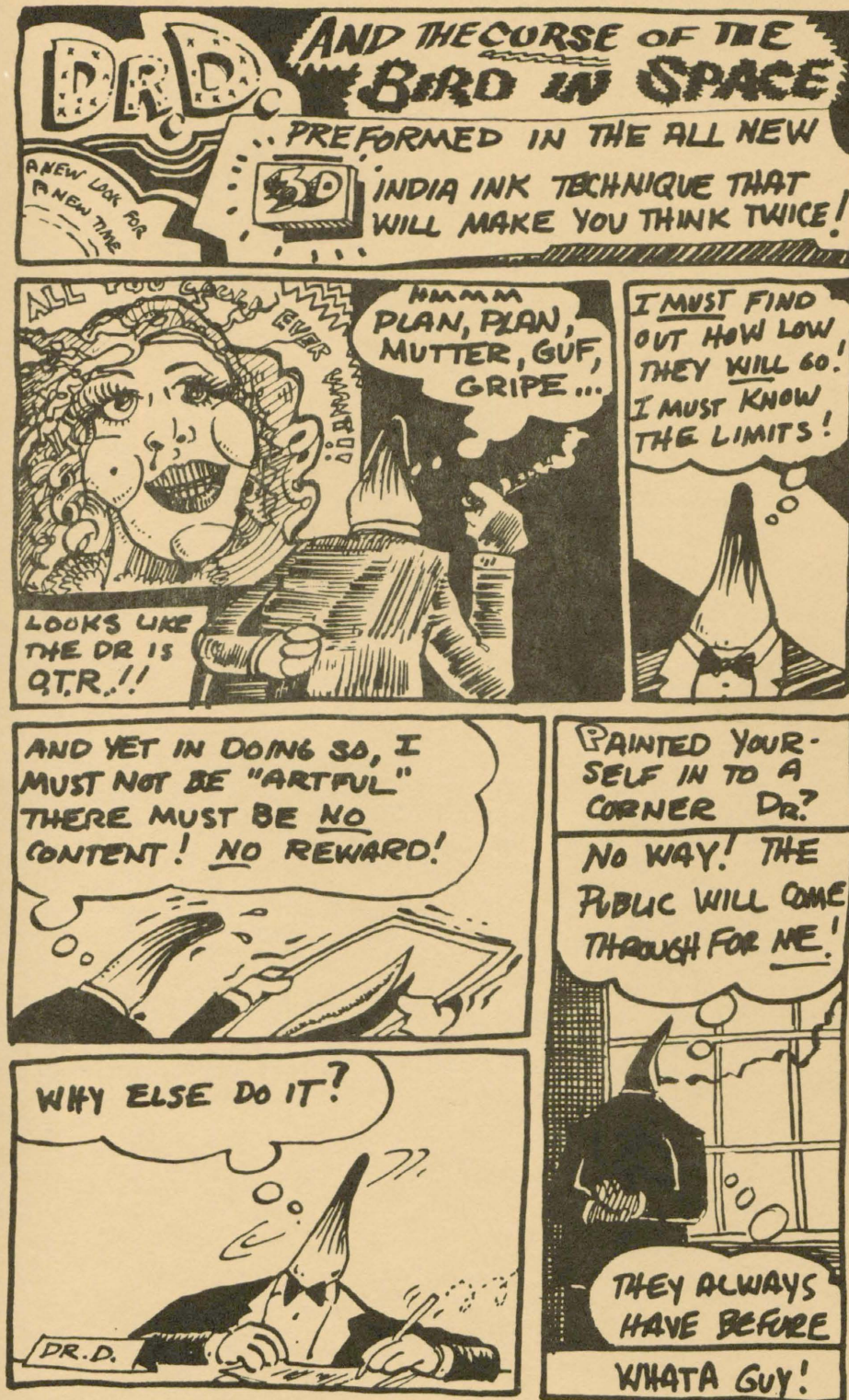
IRON
TEARS

UR NATUR

KOT IDEE

AUTOPSIA

R. Milinković



John Adams